

ON HEAVEN
AND OTHER POEMS

FORD MADDOX
HUEFFER



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ON HEAVEN
AND POEMS WRITTEN ON ACTIVE
SERVICE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE GOOD SOLDIER: A Novel

With VIOLET HUNT

ZEPPELIN NIGHTS. A London
Entertainment

THE BODLEY HEAD

ON HEAVEN
AND POEMS WRITTEN
ON ACTIVE SERVICE BY
FORD MADDOX HUEFFER

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PREFACE

WITH the exception of "On Heaven" and four others, all these poems were written on active service. "On Heaven" was written, as far as I can remember, during the early months of 1914. . . .

I have always written provocative prefaces to my publications, which have been many enough, God knows ! Now, for the first time in a literary life that has lasted exactly a quarter of a century, I desire to be deprecatory. "On Heaven," I mean, is not a poem that I should publish of my own volition. It expresses what, quaintly enough, is my belief of what Heaven will be like—or rather of what Heaven is. If it is a

PREFACE

materialist's Heaven I can't help it. I suppose I am a materialist. . . . But that is not what I set out to say.

I wrote this particular poem with a great deal of enthusiasm. When it was published in an American magazine called *Poetry*, I disliked it very much. It appeared to me to be what I should now call "too sloppy." How I should then have phrased my objection I can't now recall, but, though I should have used more words, probably, the purport would have been the same. So I determined to suppress the poem. But, to some extent, the wishes of certain readers of *Poetry*, and, to a larger extent, the conviction—or it might be more modest to say, the hope!—that it will bring comfort to the hearts of some of my comrades and some of the womenfolk of my comrades, have

PREFACE

made me resuscitate the poem. That is not a literary reason and I ask pardon of the literary.

But I think that, in these sad days and years, we have got to believe in a Heaven—and we shall be all the happier if it is a materialist's Heaven. I know at least that I would not keep on going if I did not feel that Heaven will be something like Rumpelmayer's tea shop, with the nice boys in khaki, with the haze and glimmer of the bright buttons, and the nice girls in the fashions appropriate to the day, and the little orchestra playing, "Let the Great Big World. . . ." For our dead wanted so badly their leave in a Blighty, which would have been like that—they wanted it so badly that they *must* have it. And they must have just that. For haven't we Infantry all seen that sort of

PREFACE

shimmer and shine and heard the rustling and the music through all the turmoil and the mire and the horror? . . . And dying so, those images assuredly are the last things that our eyes shall see: that imagination is stronger than death. For we *must* have some such Heaven to make up for the deep mud and the bitter weather and the long lasting fears and the cruel hunger for light, for graciousness and for grace! . . .

And, for myself, I desire a little to be remembered as a living man—so that I have taken the liberty of dating those poems that I have written whilst on active service. That adds to the local interest of the verses. It is a non-literary device such as I have always condemned—but I allow myself the pleasure since I am no longer a writer and have no longer any place in the world of

PREFACE

letters. The undated poems were all written between August 4, 1914 and August 20, 1915.

The greater part of the book is, I notice on putting it together, in either *vers libre* or rhymed *vers libre*. I am not going to apologise for this or to defend *vers libre* as such. It is because I simply can't help it. *Vers libre* is the only medium in which I can convey any more intimate moods. *Vers libre* is a very jolly medium in which to write and to read, if it be read conversationally and quietly. And anyhow, symmetrical or rhymed verse is for me a cramped and difficult medium—or an easy and uninteresting one. But I certainly don't put the things forward with any jaunty air or fling them in the faces of critics. I am too sad and too tired to care about pulling the leg of the critic of the —. It is still hypocrisy to seek

PREFACE

for the person of the sacred Emperor in a low
tea shop. F. M. H.

P.S.—I have added as an appendix some verses written in moments of leisure in the O.R. of No. 1 Garrison Coy., Welch Regt. These were poems written to *bouts rhimés* supplied to me by my friend and old O.C. Coy. H. C. James. When in a minute or two I had filled in the lines in English, in a few seconds he would supply the Latin version. Of course they are rough products: they were written whilst attending to the needs of 890 returned Expeditionary Force men, and we were subject to the shocked incursions of C.S.M. Stephens, now R.S.M., and of Corporal Stanley of the R.M.P. . . . Not to mention the Adjutant ! . . .

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Of these "Antwerp" was first published by the "Poetry Bookshop," "What the Orderly Dog Saw," and "On Heaven" by *Poetry* of Chicago, "The Old Houses of Flanders" in *Blast*, and "Iron Music" by the *Westminster Gazette*. The others, as far as I know, have not yet seen the light.

F. M. H.

TO
LT.-COL. G. R. POWELL
SOMETIME COMMANDING
A BATTALION OF THE WELCH
REGIMENT
THIS
WITH AFFECTION

ON HEAVEN
AND POEMS WRITTEN ON ACTIVE
SERVICE

I
ANTWERP

I

GLOOM !

An October like November ;
August a hundred thousand hours,
And all September,
A hundred thousand, dragging sunlit days,
And half October like a thousand years . . .
And doom !

That then was Antwerp. . . .

In the name of God,
How could they do it ?
Those souls that usually dived

ANTWERP

Into the dirty caverns of mines ;
Who usually hived
In whitened hovels ; under ragged poplars ;
Who dragged muddy shovels, over the grassy mud,
Lumbering to work over the greasy sods. . . .
Those men there, with the appearances of clods
Were the bravest men that a usually listless priest
 of God
Ever shrived. . . .
And it is not for us to make them an anthem.
If we found words there would come no wind
 that would fan them
To a tune that the trumpets might blow it,
Shrill through the heaven that's ours or yet
 Allah's
Or the wide halls of any Valhallas.
We can make no such anthem. So that all that
 is ours

ANTWERP

For inditing in sonnets, pantoums, elegiacs, or lays
Is this :

“ In the name of God, how could they do it ? ”

II

For there is no new thing under the sun,
Only this uncomely man with a smoking gun
In the gloom. . . .
What the devil will he gain by it ?
Digging a hole in the mud and standing all day
 in the rain by it
Waiting his doom,
The sharp blow, the swift outpouring of the blood,
Till the trench of grey mud
Is turned to a brown purple drain by it.
Well, there have been scars
Won in many wars . . .
Punic,

ANTWERP

Lacedæmonian, wars of Napoleon, wars for faith,
wars for honour, for love, for possession,
But this Belgian man in his ugly tunic,
His ugly round cap, shooting on, in a sort of
obsession,
Overspreading his miserable land,
Standing with his wet gun in his hand . . .
Doom !
He finds that in a sudden scrimmage,
And lies, an unsightly lump on the sodden grass . . .
An image that shall take long to pass !

III

For the white-limbed heroes of Hellas ride by
upon their horses
Forever through our brains.
The heroes of Cressy ride by upon their stallions ;
And battalions and battalions and battalions—

ANTWERP

The Old Guard, the Young Guard, the men of
Minden and of Waterloo,
Pass, for ever staunch,
Stand for ever true ;
And the small man with the large paunch,
And the grey coat, and the large hat, and the
hands behind the back,
Watches them pass
In our minds for ever . . .
But that clutter of sodden corpses
On the sodden Belgian grass—
That is a strange new beauty.

IV

With no especial legends of marchings or triumphs
or duty,
Assuredly that is the way of it,
The way of beauty . . .

ANTWERP

And that is the highest word you can find to say
of it.

For you cannot praise it with words
Compounded of lyres and swords,
But the thought of the gloom and the rain
And the ugly coated figure, standing beside a drain,
Shall eat itself into your brain.

And that shall be an honourable word ;
“ Belgian ” shall be an honourable word,
As honourable as the fame of the sword,
As honourable as the mention of the many-
chorded lyre,
And his old coat shall seem as beautiful as the
fabrics woven in Tyre.

v

And what in the world did they bear it for ?
I don't know.

ANTWERP

And what in the world did they dare it for ?
Perhaps that is not for the likes of me to under-
stand.
They could very well have watched a hundred
legions go
Over their fields and between their cities
Down into more southerly regions.
They could very well have let the legions pass
through their woods,
And have kept their lives and their wives and
their children and cattle and goods.
I don't understand.
Was it just love of their land ?
Oh poor dears !
Can any man so love his land ?
Give them a thousand thousand pities
And rivers and rivers of tears
To wash off the blood from the cities of Flanders.

ANTWERP

VI

This is Charing Cross ;

It is midnight ;

There is a great crowd

And no light.

A great crowd, all black that hardly whispers
aloud.

Surely, that is a dead woman—a dead mother !

She has a dead face ;

She is dressed all in black ;

She wanders to the bookstall and back.

At the back of the crowd ;

And back again and again back,

She sways and wanders.

This is Charing Cross ;

It is one o'clock.

ANTWERP

There is still a great cloud, and very little light ;
Immense shafts of shadows over the black crowd
That hardly whispers aloud. . . .
And now ! . . . That is another dead mother,
And there is another and another and another . . .
And little children, all in black,
All with dead faces, waiting in all the waiting-
places,
Wandering from the doors of the waiting-room
In the dim gloom.
These are the women of Flanders.
They await the lost.
They await the lost that shall never leave the
dock ;
They await the lost that shall never again come
by the train
To the embraces of all these women with dead
faces ;

ANTWERP

They await the lost who lie dead in trench and
barrier and foss,

In the dark of the night.

This is Charing Cross ; it is past one of the clock ;

There is very little light.

There is so much pain.

L'Envoi.

And it was for this that they endured this gloom ;

This October like November,

That August like a hundred thousand hours,

And that September,

A hundred thousand dragging sunlit days,

And half October like a thousand years. . . .

Oh poor dears !

II

“WHEN THE WORLD WAS IN BUILDING . . .”

THANK Goodness, the moving is over,
They've swept up the straw in the passage
And life will begin. . . .
This tiny, white, tiled cottage by the bridge ! . . .
When we've had tea I will punt you
To Paradise for the sugar and onions. . . .
We will drift home in the twilight,
The trout will be rising. . . .

III

“ WHEN THE WORLD CRUMBLLED ”

ONCE there were purple seas—

Wide, wide. . . .

And myrtle-groves and cyclamen,

Above the cliff and the stone pines

Where a god watched. . . .

And thou, oh Lesbian . . .

Well, *that's* all done !

IV

WHAT THE ORDERLY DOG SAW

A Winter Landscape

I

THE seven white peacocks against the castle wall
In the high trees and the dusk are like tapestry,
The sky being orange, the high wall a purple
barrier

The canal, dead silver in the dusk

And you are far away.

Yet I can see infinite miles of mountains.

Little lights shining in rows in the dark of them ;

Infinite miles of marshes.

Thin wisps of mist, shimmering like blue webs

WHAT THE ORDERLY DOG SAW

Over the dusk of them, great curves and horns
of sea

And dusk and dusk and the little village

And you, sitting in the firelight.

II

Around me are the two hundred and forty men
of B Company

Mud-coloured.

Going about their avocations,

Resting between their practice of the art

Of killing men,

As I too rest between my practice

Of the Art of killing men.

Their pipes glow above the mud and their
mud colour, moving like fireflies beneath
the trees,

I too being mud-coloured

WHAT THE ORDERLY DOG SAW

Beneath the trees and the peacocks.

When they come up to me in the dusk

They start, stiffen and salute, almost invisibly.

And the forty-two prisoners from the Battalion
guardroom

Crouch over the tea cans in the shadow of the
wall.

And the bread hunks glimmer, beneath the
peacocks,

And you are far away.

III

Presently I shall go in,

I shall write down the names of the forty-two

Prisoners in the Battalion guardroom

On fair white foolscap.

Their names, rank, and regimental numbers,

Corps, Companies, Punishments and Offences,

WHAT THE ORDERLY DOG SAW

Remarks, and By whom Confined.

Yet in spite of all I shall see only

The infinite miles of dark mountain,

The infinite miles of dark marshland,

Great curves and horns of sea

The little village.

And you,

Sitting in the firelight.

Cardiff Castle, 12/12/15

V

THE SILVER MUSIC

IN Chepstow stands a castle ;
My love and I went there ;
The foxgloves on the wall all heard
Her footsteps on the stair.

The sun was high in heaven,
And the perfume on the air
Came from purple cat's valerian . . .
But her footsteps on the stair
Made a sound like silver music
Thro' the perfume in the air.

Oh I'm weary for the castle,
And I'm weary for the Wye,

THE SILVER MUSIC

And the flowered walls are purple
And the purple walls are high.
And above the cat's valerian
The foxgloves brush the sky.
But I must plod along the road
That leads to Germany.

And another soldier fellow
Shall come courting of my dear
And it's I shall not be with her
With my lips beside her ear.
For it's he shall walk beside her
In the perfume of the air
To the silver silver music
Of her footstep on the stair.

Cardiff Castle, 3/7/16

VI

THE IRON MUSIC

THE French guns roll continuously
And our guns, heavy, slow ;
Along the Ancre, sinuously,
The transport wagons go,
And the dust is on the thistles
And the larks sing up on high . . .
But I see the Golden Valley
Down by Tintern on the Wye.

For it's just nine weeks last Sunday
Since we took the Chepstow train,
And I'm wondering if one day
We shall do the like again ;

THE IRON MUSIC

For the four-point-two's come screaming
Thro' the sausages on high ;
So there's little use in dreaming
How we walked above the Wye.

Dust and corpses in the thistles
Where the gas-shells burst like snow,
And the shrapnel screams and whistles
On the Bécourt road below,
And the High Wood bursts and bristles
Where the mine-clouds foul the sky . . .
But I'm with you up at Wyndcroft,
Over Tintern on the Wye.

Albert, 22/7/16

VII

A SOLIS ORTUS CARDINE . . .

Oh quiet peoples sleeping bed by bed
Beneath grey roof-trees in the glimmering West,
We who can see the silver grey and red
Rise over No Man's Land—salute your rest.

Oh quiet comrades, sleeping in the clay
Beneath a turmoil you need no more mark,
We who have lived through yet another day
Salute your graves at setting in of dark.

And rising from your beds or from the clay
You, dead, or far from lines of slain and slayers,
Thro' your eternal or your finite day
Give us your prayers !

Ypres Salient, 6/9/16

VIII

THE OLD HOUSES OF FLANDERS

THE old houses of Flanders,
They watch by the high cathedrals ;
They overtop the high town-halls ;
They have eyes, mournful, tolerant and sardonic,
 for the ways of men
In the high, white, tiled gables.

The rain and the night have settled down on
 Flanders ;
It is all wet darkness ; you can see nothing.

Then those old eyes, mournful, tolerant and
 sardonic,

THE OLD HOUSES OF FLANDERS

Look at great, sudden, red lights,
Look upon the shades of the cathedrals ;
And the golden rods of the illuminated rain,
For a second. . . .

And those old eyes,
Very old eyes that have watched the ways of men
 for generations,
Close for ever.

The high, white shoulders of the gables
Slouch together for a consultation,
Slant drunkenly over in the lea of the flaming
 cathedrals.

They are no more, the old houses of Flanders.

IX

ALBADE

THE little girls are singing, “ *Rin! Ron! Rin!* ”

The matin bell is ringing “ *Din! Don! Din!* ”

Thirty little girls, while it rains and shrapnel
skirls

By the playground where the chapel bells are
ringing.

The stout old nuns are walking,
Dance, little girls, beneath the din!

The four-point-ones are talking,
Form up, little girls, the school is in!

Seven stout old nuns and fourteen naval guns
All around the playground go on talking.

ALBADE

And, my darling, you are getting out of bed
Where the seven angels watched around your
 head,
With no shrapnel and no Huns
And no nuns or four-point-ones . . .
Getting up to catch the train,
Coming back to tea again
When the Angelus is sounding to the plain
And the statue shells are coming from the plain
And the little girls have trotted home again
In the rain. . . .

Darling, darling, say one funny prayer again
For your true love who is waking in the rain.

The Salient, 7/9/16

X

CLAIR DE LUNE

I

I SHOULD like to imagine
A moonlight in which there would be no machine-
guns !

For, it is possible
To come out of a trench or a hut or a tent or a
church all in ruins :

To see the black perspective of long avenues
All silent.

The white strips of sky
At the sides, cut by the poplar trunks :

CLAIR DE LUNE

The white strips of sky
Above, diminishing—
The silence and blackness of the avenue
Enclosed by immensities of space
Spreading away
Over No Man's Land. . . .

For a minute . . .

For ten . . .

There will be no star shells
But the untroubled stars,
There will be no Very light
But the light of the quiet moon
Like a swan.
And silence. . . .

Then, far away to the right thro' the moonbeams
“*Wukka Wukka*” will go the machine-guns,

CLAIR DE LUNE

And, far away to the left

Wukka Wukka.

And sharply,

Wuk . . . Wuk. . . and then silence

For a space in the clear of the moon.

II

I should like to imagine

A moonlight in which the machine-guns of trouble

Will be silent. . . .

Do you remember, my dear,

Long ago, on the cliffs, in the moonlight,

Looking over to Flatholme

We sat. . . . Long ago ! . . .

And the things that you told me . . .

Little things in the clear of the moon,

The little, sad things of a life. . . .

CLAIR DE LUNE

We shall do it again
Full surely,
Sitting still, looking over at Flatholme.

Then, far away to the right
Shall sound the Machine Guns of trouble
Wukka-wukka !
And, far away to the left, under Flatholme,
Wukka-wuk ! . . .

I wonder, my dear, can you stick it ?
As we should say : “ Stick it, the Welch ! ”
In the dark of the moon,
Going over. . . .

Nieppe, near Plugstreet, 17/9/16

XI

“ONE DAY’S LIST”

[*Killed.*—“*Second Lieutenants unless otherwise stated.*”

Arnott, E. E.—Welch Regt.

Jones, E. B. D.—Welch Regt.

Morris, J. H.—Welch Regt.

And 270 other ranks, Welch Regt.

Died of Wounds.

Knapp, O. R.—2nd Lieut. Welch Regt.].

My dears . . .

The rain drips down on Rouen Town

The leaves drip down

“ONE DAY’S LIST”

And so the mud
Turns orange brown. . . .
A Zeppelin, we read, has been brought down.
And the obscure brown
Populace of London town
Make a shout of it,
Clamouring for blood
And reductions in the price of food . . .
But you—at least—are out of it. . . .

Poor little Arnott—poor little lad . . .
And poor old Knapp,
Of whom once I borrowed a map—and never
returned it.
And Morris and Jones . . . and all the rest of
the Welch,
So many gone in the twenty-four hours of a
day . . .

“ONE DAY’S LIST”

One wonders how one can stay . . .

One wonders. . . .

For the papers are full of Kelch,
Finding rubbishy news to make a shout of it,
But you at least are out of it.

One wonders how you died . . .

The mine thunders

Still where you stuck by Welch Alley and
turned it. . . .

The mine thunders

Upwards—and branches of trees, mud, and stone,
Skulls, limbs, rats, thistles, the clips
Of cartridges, beef tins and wire
Belch

To the heavens in fire

From the lips

Of the craters where doubtless you died,

“ONE DAY’S LIST”

With the Cheshires and Wiltshires and Welch
Side by side.

One wonders *why* you died,
Why were we in it ? . . .
At home we were late on parades,
Seldom there to the minute,
When “ B.” were out on Cathays
We didn’t get much of the lectures into the
brain. . . .
We talked a good deal about girls.
We could all tell a story
At something past something, Ack Emma !

But why ? why ? Why were we there from the
Aisne to Mametz,
Well—there’s a dilemma. . . .

“ONE DAY’S LIST”

For we never talked of glory,
We each thought a lot of one girl,
And waited most days for hours in the rain
Till she came :
But we never talked of Fame. . . .

It is very difficult to believe
You need never again
Put in for week-end leave,
Or get vouchers for the 1.10 train
From Cardiff to London. . . .
But so much has the Hun done
In the way of achievements.

And when I think of all the bereavements
Of your mothers and fathers and sweethearts and
wives and homes in the West,
And the paths between the willows waiting for
your tread,

“ONE DAY’S LIST”

And the white pillows
Waiting each for a head,
Well . . . they may go to rest !

And, God help me, if you meet a Hun
In Heaven, I bet you will say, “ Well done,
You fought like mad lions in nets
Down by Mametz.”

But we who remain shall grow old,
We shall know the cold
Of cheerless
Winter and the rain of Autumn and the sting
Of poverty, of love despised and of disgraces,
And mirrors showing stained and ageing faces,
And the long ranges of comfortless years
And the long gamut of human fears. . . .
But, for you, it shall be forever spring,

“ ONE DAY’S LIST ”

And only you shall be forever fearless,
And only you have white, straight, tireless limbs,
And only you, where the water-lily swims
Shall walk along the pathways, thro’ the willows
Of your west.

You who went West,
And only you on silvery twilight pillows
Shall take your rest
In the soft sweet glooms
Of twilight rooms. . . .

No. 2 Red Cross Hospital,

Rouen, 7/1/17

XII

ONE LAST PRAYER

LET me wait, my dear,

One more day,

Let me linger near,

Let me stay.

Do not bar the gate or draw the blind

Or lock the door that yields,

Dear, be kind !

I have only you beneath the skies

To rest my eyes

From the cruel green of the fields

And the cold, white seas

And the weary hills

ONE LAST PRAYER

And the naked trees.

I have known the hundred ills

Of the hated wars.

Do not close the bars,

Or draw the blind.

I have only you beneath the stars :

Dear, be kind !

17/12/17

XIII
REGIMENTAL RECORDS

I

PTE. BARNES

HE said : " I love her for her sense
And for her quiet innocence,
And since she bears without complaint
An anxious life of toil and care
As if she were a fireside saint. . . .

" And so her quiet eyes ensnare
My eyes all day and fill my sense
And take
My thoughts all day away from other things ;
and keep
Me, when I should be fast asleep,
Awake ! "

REGIMENTAL RECORDS

II

L.-CPL. SELFE

. . . AND when she went his patience broke
And his outrageous, restless spirit woke
To a sort of mutiny against Fate . . .

He'd soak and soak

For nights. And he went courting a bad girl
Who sponged on him and kept him in a whirl
And brought
Him into many questionable homes.
It's that way ruin comes.
So we all thought
He'd go to Hell—or certainly be broke . . .
But he got off with just an inch to spare—
The breadth of a hair !

REGIMENTAL RECORDS

III

CPL. BAVLER

(Corporal in charge of Regimental Gardens)

He thought : " If she would be my wife,
And live where I do set and class
My plants : when I was not on duty,
We'd lead a pleasant, quiet life,
For I'd take pleasure in her beauty,
Strolling amongst the plants in order
And stopping by the potherb border."

18-21/12/17

XIV

FOOTSLOGGERS

To C. F. G. M.

I

WHAT is love of one's land ? . . .

I don't know very well.

It is something that sleeps

For a year—for a day—

For a month—something that keeps

Very hidden and quiet and still

And then takes

The quiet heart like a wave,

The quiet brain like a spell,

The quiet will

Like a tornado ; and that shakes

The whole of the soul.

FOOTSLOGGERS

II

It is omnipotent like love ;
It is deep and quiet as the grave
And it awakes
Like a flame, like a madness,
Like the great passion of your life.
The cold keenness of a tempered knife,
The great gladness of a wedding day,
The austerity of monks who wake to pray
In the dim light,
Who pray
In the darkling grove,
All these and a great belief in what we deem the
right
Creeping upon us like the overwhelming sand,
Driven by a December gale,
Make up the love of one's land.

FOOTSLOGGERS

III

But I ask you this :

About the middle of my first Last Leave,
I stood on a kerb in the pitch of the night
Waiting for buses that didn't come
To take me home.

That was in Paddington.

The soot-black night was over one like velvet :
And one was very alone—so very alone
In the velvet cloak of the night.

Like a lady's skirt,

A dim, diaphonous cone of white, the rays
Of a shaded street lamp, close at hand, existed,
And there was nothing but vileness it could show,
Vile, pallid faces drifted through, chalk white ;
Vile alcoholic voices in the ear, vile fumes
From the filthy pavements . . . vileness !

FOOTSLOGGERS

And one thought :

“ In three days’ time we enter the unknown :

And this is what we die for ! ”

For, mind you,

It isn’t just a Tube ride, going to France !

It sets ironic unaccustomed minds

At work even in the sentimental . . .

Still

All that is in the contract.

IV

Who of us

But has, deep down in the heart and deep in the

brain

The memory of odd moments : memories

Of huge assemblies chanting in the night

At palace gates : of drafts going off in the rain

FOOTSLOGGERS

To shaken music : or the silken flutter
Of silent, ceremonial parades,
In the sunlight, when you stand so stiff to
attention,
That you never see but only know they are there—
The regimental colours—silken, a-flutter
Azure and gold and vermillion against the sky :
The sacred finery of banded hearts
Of generations. . . .

And memories

When just for moments, landscapes out in France
Looked so like English downlands that the heart
Checked and stood still. . . .

Or then, the song and dance
Of Battalion concerts, in the shafts of light
From smoky lamps : the lines of queer, warped
faces

Of men that now are dead : faces lit up

FOOTSLOGGERS

By inarticulate minds at sugary chords
From the vamping pianist beneath the bunting :
“ Until the boys come home ! ” we sing. And
fumes

Of wet humanity, soaked uniforms,
Wet flooring, smoking lamps, fill cubical
And wooden-walled spaces, brown, all brown,
With the light-sucking hue of the khaki. . . .

And the rain
Frets on the pitchpine of the felted roof
Like women’s fingers beating on a door
Calling “ Come Home ” . . . “ Come Home ”
Down the long trail beneath the silent moon . . .
Who never shall come. . . .

And we stand up to sing
“ *Hen wlad fy nadhau. . . .* ”

Dearest, never one
Of your caresses, dearest in the world,

FOOTSLOGGERS

Shall interpenetrate the flesh of one's flesh,
The breath of the lungs, sight of the eyes, or the
 heart,
Like that sad, harsh anthem in the rained-on huts
Of our own men . . .
That too is in the contract. . . .

v

Well, of course
One loves one's men. One takes a mort of trouble
To get them spick and span upon parades :
You straf them, slang them, mediate between
Their wives and loves, and you inspect their
 toe-nails
And wangle leaves for them from the Adjutant
Until your Company office is your home
And all your mind. . . .

 This is the way it goes :
First your Platoon and then your Company,

FOOTSLOGGERS

Then the Battalion, then Brigade, Division,
And the whole B.E.F. in France . . . and then
Our Land, with its burden of civilians,
Who take it out of us as little dogs
Worry Newfoundlands. . . .

So, in the Flanders mud,
We bear the State upon our rain-soaked backs,
Breathe life into the State from our rattling lungs,
Anoint the State with the rivulets of sweat
From our tin helmets.

And so, in years to come
The State shall take the semblance of Britannia,
Up-borne, deep-bosomed, with anointed limbs . . .
Like the back of a penny.

VI

For I do not think
We ever took much stock in that Britannia

FOOTSLOGGERS

On the long French roads, or even on parades,
Or thought overmuch of Nelson or of Minden,
Or even the old traditions. . . .

I don't know,

In the breathless rush that it is of parades and
drills,
Of digging at the double and strafes and
fatigues,
These figures grow dimmed and lost :
Doubtless we too, we too, when the years have
receded
Shall look like the heroes of Hellas, upon a
frieze,
White-limbed and buoyant and passing the flame
of the torches
From hand to hand. . . . But to-day it's mud
to the knees
And khaki and khaki and khaki. . . .

FOOTSLOGGERS

And the love of one's land
Very quiet and hidden and still. . . . And again
I don't know, though I've pondered the matter
for years
Since the war began. . . . But I never had much
brain. . . .

VII

I don't know if you know the 1.10 train
From Cardiff :

Well, fourteen of us together
Went up from Cardiff in the summer weather
At the time of the July push.
It's a very good train ;
It runs with hardly a jar and never a stop
After Newport, until you get down
In London Town.

FOOTSLOGGERS

It goes with a solemn, smooth rush
Across the counties and over the shires,
Right over England past farmsteads and byres ;
It bubbles with conversation,
Being the West going to the East :
The pick of the rich of the West in a bunch,
Half of the wealth of the Nation,
With heads together, buzzing of local topics,
Of bankrupts and strikes, divorces and marriages ;
And, after Newport, you get your lunch,
In the long, light, gently swaying carriages
As the miles flash by,
And fields and flowers
Flash by
Under the high sky
Where the great cloud towers
Above the tranquil downs
And the tranquil towns.

FOOTSLOGGERS

VIII

And the corks pop
And the wines of France
Bring in radiance ;
And spice from the tropics
Flavours fowl from the Steppes
And meat from the States,
And the talk buzzes on like bees round the skeps,
And the potentates
Of the mines and the docks
Drink delicate hocks . . .
Ah, proud and generous civilisation. . . .

IX

For me, going out to France
Is like the exhaustion of dawn
After a dance. . . .

FOOTSLOGGERS

You have rushed around to get your money,
To get your revolver, complete your equipment ;
You have had your moments, sweeter—ah, sweeter
than honey ;

You have got your valise all ready for shipment :
You have gone to confession and wangled your
blessing,

You have bought your air-pillow and sewn in
your coat

A pocket to hold your first field-dressing,
And you've paid the leech who bled you, the
vampire . . .

And you've been to the Theatre and the Empire,
And you've bidden good-bye to the band and the
goat . . .

And, like a ship that floats free of her berth,
There's nothing that holds you now to the
earth,

FOOTSLOGGERS

And you're near enough to a yawn. . . .

"Good luck" and "Good-bye" it has been,
and "So long, old chap"

"Cheerio : you'll be back in a month"—"You'll
have driven the Huns off the map."

And one little pressure of the hand

From the thing you love next to the love of the
land,

Since you leave her, out of love of your land. . . .

But that little, long, gentle and eloquent pressure
Shall go with you under the whine of the
shells,

Into the mire and the stress,

Into the seven hundred hells,

Until you come down on your stretcher

To the C.C.S. . . .

And back to Blighty again—

Or until you go under the sod.

FOOTSLOGGERS

X

But, in the 1.10 train,
Running between the green and the grain,
Something like the peace of God
Descended over the hum and the drone
Of the wheels and the wine and the buzz of the
 talk,
And one thought :
“ In two days’ time we enter the Unknown,
And this is what we die for ! ”
And thro’ the square
Of glass
At my elbow, as limpid as air,
I watched our England pass . . .
The great downs moving slowly,
Far away,
The farmsteads quiet and lowly,

FOOTSLOGGERS

Passing away ;
The fields newly mown
With the swathes of hay,
And the wheat just beginning to brown,
Whirling away. . . .
And I thought :
“ In two days’ time we enter the Unknown,
But *this* is what we die for. . . . As we ought. . . .”
For it is for the sake of the wolds and the wealds
That we die,
And for the sake of the quiet fields,
And the path through the stackyard gate . . .
That these may be inviolate,
And know no tread save those of the herds and
the hinds,
And that the south-west winds
Blow on no forehead save of those that toil
On our suave and hallowed soil,

FOOTSLOGGERS

And that deep peace may rest

Upon that quiet breast. . . .

It is because our land is beautiful and green and
comely,

Because our farms are quiet and thatched and
homely,

Because the trout stream dimples by the willow,

Because the water-lilies float upon the ponds,

And on Eston Hill the delicate, waving fronds

Of the bracken put forth, where the white clouds
are flying,

That we shall endure the swift, sharp torture of
dying,

Or the humiliation of not dying,

Where the gas cloud wanders

Over the fields of Flanders,

Or the sun squanders

His radiance

FOOTSLOGGERS

And the midges dance
Their day-long life away
Over the green and the grey
Of the fields of France. . . .
And maybe we shall never again
Plod thro' our mire and the rain
Of the winter gloaming,
And maybe we shall never again
See the long, white, foaming
Breakers pour up our strand. . . .
But we have been borne across this land,
And we have felt this spell. . . .
And, for the rest.

L'ENVOI

What is love of one's land ?
Ah, we know very well
It is something that sleeps for a year, for a day,

FOOTSLOGGERS

For a month, something that keeps
Very hidden and quiet and still,
And then takes
The quiet heart like a wave,
The quiet brain like a spell,
The quiet will
Like a tornado, and that shakes
The whole being and soul . . .
Aye, the whole of the soul.

24/12/17-1/1/18

XV

THAT EXPLOIT OF YOURS

I MEET two soldiers sometimes here in Hell
The one, with a tear in the seat of his red panta-
loons

Was stuck by a pitchfork,
Climbing a wall to steal apples.

The second has a seeming silver helmet,
Having died from the fall of his horse on some
tram-lines

In Dortmund.

These two
Meeting in the vaulted and vaporous caverns of
Hell

Exclaim always in identical tones :

THAT EXPLOIT OF YOURS

“ I at least have done my duty to Society and the
Fatherland ! ”

It is strange how the cliché prevails . . .

For I will bet my hat that you who sent me here
to Hell

Are saying the selfsame words at this very moment
Concerning that exploit of yours.

XVI
ON HEAVEN

To V. H., who asked for a working Heaven

I

THAT day the sunlight lay on the farms ;
On the morrow the bitter frost that there was !
That night my young love lay in my arms,
The morrow how bitter it was !

And because she is very tall and quaint
And golden, like a *quattrocento* saint,
I desire to write about Heaven ;
To tell you the shape and the ways of it,
And the joys and the toil in the maze of it,
For these there must be in Heaven,
Even in Heaven !

ON HEAVEN

For God is a good man, God is a kind man,
And God's a good brother, and God is no blind
man,
And God is our father.

I will tell you how this thing began :
How I waited in a little town near Lyons many
years,
And yet knew nothing of passing time, or of her
tears,
But, for nine slow years, lounged away at my table
in the shadowy sunlit square
Where the small cafés are.

The *Place* is small and shaded by great planes,
Over a rather human monument
Set up to *Louis Dixhuit* in the year
Eighteen fourteen ; a funny thing with dolphins
80

ON HEAVEN

About a pyramid of green-dripped, sordid stone.
But the enormous, monumental planes
Shade it all in, and in the flecks of sun
Sit market women. There's a paper shop
Painted all blue, a shipping agency,
Three or four cafés ; dank, dark colonnades
Of an eighteen-forty *Mairie*. I'd no wish
To wait for her where it was picturesque,
Or ancient or historic, or to love
Over well any place in the land before she came
And loved it too. I didn't even go
To Lyons for the opera ; Arles for the bulls,
Or Avignon for glimpses of the Rhone.
Not even to Beaucaire ! I sat about
And played long games of dominoes with the
maire,
Or passing *commis-voyageurs*. And so
I sat and watched the trams come in, and read

ON HEAVEN

The *Libre Parole* and sipped the thin, fresh wine
They call Piquette, and got to know the people,
The kindly, southern people. . . .

Until, when the years were over, she came in her
 swift red car,
Shooting out past a tram ; and she slowed and
 stopped and lighted absently down,
A little dazed, in the heart of the town ;
And nodded imperceptibly.
With a sideways look at me.

So our days here began.

And the wrinkled old woman who keeps the café,
And the man
Who sells the *Libre Parole*,
And the sleepy gendarme,

ON HEAVEN

And the fat *facteur* who delivers letters only in
the shady,
Pleasanter kind of streets ;
And the boy I often gave a penny,
And the *maître* himself, and the little girl who
loves toffee
And me because I have given her many sweets ;
And the one-eyed, droll
Bookseller of the *rue Grand de Provence*,—
Chancing to be going home to bed,
Smiled with their kindly, fresh benevolence,
Because they knew I had waited for a lady
Who should come in a swift, red, English car,
To the square where the little cafés are.
And the old, old woman touched me on the wrist
With a wrinkled finger,
And said : “ Why do you linger ?—
Too many kisses can never be kissed !

ON HEAVEN

And comfort her—nobody here will think harm—
Take her instantly to your arm !
It is a little strange, you know, to your dear,
To be dead ! ”

But one is English,
Though one be never so much of a ghost ;
And if most of your life have been spent in the
craze to relinquish
What you want most,
You will go on relinquishing,
You will go on vanquishing
Human longings, even
In Heaven.

God ! You will have forgotten what the rest of
the world is on fire for—
The madness of desire for the long and quiet
embrace,

ON HEAVEN

The coming nearer of a tear-wet face ;
Forgotten the desire to slake
The thirst, and the long, slow ache,
And to interlace
Lash with lash, lip with lip, limb with limb, and
the fingers of the hand with the hand
And . . .

You will have forgotten . . .

But they will all awake ;
Aye, all of them shall awaken
In this dear place.
And all that then we took
Of all that we might have taken,
Was that one embracing look,
Coursing over features, over limbs, between eyes,
a making sure, and a long sigh,
Having the tranquillity

ON HEAVEN

Of trees unshaken,
And the softness of sweet tears,
And the clearness of a clear brook
To wash away past years.
(For that too is the quality of Heaven,
That you are conscious always of great pain
Only when it is over
And shall not come again.
Thank God, thank God, it shall not come again,
Though your eyes be never so wet with the tears
Of many years !)

II

And so she stood a moment by the door
Of the long, red car. Royally she stepped down,
Settling on one long foot and leaning back
Amongst her russet furs. And she looked
round . . .

ON HEAVEN

Of course it must be strange to come from
England

Straight into Heaven. You must take it in,
Slowly, for a long instant, with some fear . . .

Now that *affiche*, in orange, on the kiosque :

“ *Seven Spanish bulls will fight on Sunday next
At Arles, in the arena* ” . . . Well, it's strange

Till you get used to our ways. And, on the
Mairie,

The untidy poster telling of the *concours*

De vers de soie, of silkworms. The cocoons

Pile, yellow, all across the little Places

Of ninety townships in the environs

Of Lyons, the city famous for her silks.

What if she's pale? It must be more than
strange,

After these years, to come out here from
England

ON HEAVEN

To a strange place, to the stretched-out arms of
me,

A man never fully known, only divined,
Loved, guessed at, pledged to, in your Sussex mud,
Amongst the frost-bound farms by the yeasty sea.
Oh, the long look ; the long, long searching look !
And how my heart beat !

Well, you see, in England
She had a husband. And four families—
His, hers, mine, and another woman's too—
Would have gone crazy. And, with all the rest,
Eight parents, and the children, seven aunts
And sixteen uncles and a grandmother.
There were, besides, our names, a few real friends,
And the decencies of life. A monstrous heap !
They made a monstrous heap. I've lain awake
Whole aching nights to tot the figures up !
Heap after heaps, of complications, griefs,

ON HEAVEN

Worries, tongue-clackings, nonsenses and shame
For not making good. You see the coil there was !
And the poor strained fibres of our tortured
 brains,

And the voice that called from depth in her to
 depth

In me . . . my God, in the dreadful nights,
Through the roar of the great black winds, through
 the sound of the sea !

Oh agony ! Agony ! From out my breast
It called whilst the dark house slept, and stair-
 heads creaked ;

From within my breast it screamed and made no
 sound ;

And wailed. . . . And made no sound.

And howled like the damned. . . . No sound !
 No sound !

Only the roar of the wind, the sound of the sea,

ON HEAVEN

The tick of the clock. . . .

And our two voices, noiseless through the dark.

O God ! O God !

(That night my young love lay in my arms. . . .

There was a bitter frost lay on the farms

In England, by the shiver

And the crawling of the tide ;

By the broken silver of the English Channel,

Beneath the aged moon that watched alone—

Poor, dreary, lonely old moon to have to watch
alone,

Over the dreary beaches mantled with ancient
foam

Like shrunken flannel ;

The moon, an intent, pale face, looking down

Over the English Channel.

ON HEAVEN

But soft and warm She lay in the crook of my arm,
And came to no harm since we had come quietly
home

Even to Heaven ;

Which is situate in a little old town

Not very far from the side of the Rhone,

That mighty river

That is, just there by the Crau, in the lower
reaches,

Far wider than the Channel.)

But, in the market place of the other little town,

Where the Rhone is a narrower, greener affair,

When she had looked at me, she beckoned with
her long white hand,

A little languidly, since it is a strain, if a blessed
strain, to have just died.

And, going back again,

ON HEAVEN

Into the long, red, English racing car,
Made room for me amongst the furs at her side.
And we moved away from the kind looks of the
kindly people

Into the wine of the hurrying air.
And very soon even the tall grey steeple
Of Lyons cathedral behind us grew little and
far

And then was no more there. . . .

And, thank God, we had nothing any more to
think of,

And thank God, we had nothing any more to
talk of ;

Unless, as it chanced, the flashing silver stalk of
the pampas

Growing down to the brink of the Rhone,
On the lawn of a little chateau, giving onto the
river.

ON HEAVEN

And we were alone, alone, alone. . . .

At last alone. . . .

The poplars on the hill-crests go marching rank
on rank,

And far away to the left, like a pyramid, marches
the ghost of Mont Blanc.

There are vines and vines and vines, all down to
the river bank.

There will be a castle here,

And an abbey there ;

And huge quarries and a long white farm,

With long thatched barns and a long wine shed,

As we ran alone, all down the Rhone.

And that day there was no puncturing of the tyres
to fear ;

And no trouble at all with the engine and gear ;

ON HEAVEN

Smoothly and softly we ran between the great
poplar alley

All down the valley of the Rhone.

For the dear, good God knew how we needed rest
and to be alone.

But, on other days, just as you must have perfect
shadows to make perfect Rembrandts,

He shall afflict us with little lets and hindrances
of His own

Devising—just to let us be glad that we are
dead . . .

Just for remembrance.

III

Hard by the castle of God in the Alpilles,

In the eternal stone of the Alpilles,

There's this little old town, walled round by the
old, grey gardens. . . .

ON HEAVEN

There were never such olives as grow in the
gardens of God,

The green-grey trees, the wardens of agony
And failure of gods.

Of hatred and faith, of truth, of treachery

They whisper ; they whisper that none of the
living prevail ;

They whirl in the great mistral over the white,
dry sods,

Like hair blown back from white foreheads in the
enormous gale

Up to the castle walls of God. . . .

But, in the town that's our home,

Once you are past the wall,

Amongst the trunks of the planes,

Though they roar never so mightily overhead in
the day,

ON HEAVEN

All this tumult is quieted down, and all
The windows stand open because of the heat of
the night
That shall come.
And, from each little window, shines in the
twilight a light,
And, beneath the eternal planes
With the huge, gnarled trunks that were aged
and grey
At the creation of Time,
The Chinese lanthorns, hung out at the doors of
hotels,
Shimmering in the dusk, here on an orange tree,
there on a sweet-scented lime,
There on a golden inscription : " Hotel of the
Three Holy Bells."
Or " Hotel Sublime," or " Inn of the Real Good
Will."

ON HEAVEN

And, yes, it is very warm and still,
And all the world is afoot after the heat of the day,
In the cool of the even in Heaven. . . .
And it is here that I have brought my dear to pay
her all that I owed her,
Amidst this crowd, with the soft voices, the soft
footfalls, the rejoicing laughter.
And after the twilight there falls such a warm,
soft darkness,
And there will come stealing under the planes a
drowsy odour,
Compounded all of cyclamen, of oranges, or
rosemary and bay,
To take the remembrance of the toil of the day away.

So we sat at a little table, under an immense plane,
And we remembered again
The blisters and fomentations

ON HEAVEN

And terrible harassments of the tired brain,
The cold and the frost and the pain,
As if we were looking at a picture and saying :

“ This is true !

Why this is a truly painted
Rendering of that street where—you remember ?
—I fainted.”

And we remembered again
Tranquilly, our poor few tranquil moments,
The falling of the sunlight through the panes,
The flutter forever in the chimney of the quiet flame,
The mutter of our two poor tortured voices,
always a-whisper

And the endless nights when I would cry out,
running through all the gamut of misery,
even to a lisp, her name ;

And we remembered our kisses, nine, maybe, or
eleven—

ON HEAVEN

If you count two that I gave and she did not give
again.

And always the crowd drifted by in the cool of
the even,

And we saw the faces of friends,

And the faces of those to whom one day we must
make amends,

Smiling in welcome.

And I said : " On another day—

And such a day may well come soon—

We will play dominoes with Dick and Evelyn and
Frances

For a whole afternoon.

And, in the time to come, Genée

Shall dance for us, fluttering over the ground as
the sunlight dances."

And *Arlésiennes* with the beautiful faces went by us,

ON HEAVEN

And gypsies and Spanish shepherds, noiseless in
sandals of straw, sauntered nigh us,
Wearing slouch hats and old sheep-skins, and
casting admiring glances
From dark, foreign eyes at my dear. . . .
(And ah, it is Heaven alone, to have her alone and
so near !)

So all this world rejoices
In the cool of the even
In Heaven. . . .

And, when the cool of the even was fully
there,

Came a great ha-ha of voices.

Many children run together, and all laugh and
rejoice and call,

Hurrying with little arms flying, and little feet
flying, and little hurrying haunches,

From the door of a stable,

ON HEAVEN

Where, in an *olla podrida*, they had been playing
at the *corrida*

With the black Spanish bull, whose nature
Is patience with children. And so, through the
gaps of the branches

Of jasmine on our screen beneath the planes,
We saw, coming down from the road that leads
to the olives and Alpilles,

A man of great stature,

In a great cloak,

With a great stride,

And a little joke

For all and sundry, coming down with a hound
at his side.

And he stood at the cross-roads, passing the time
of day

In a great, kind voice, the voice of a man-and-a-
half !—

ON HEAVEN

With a great laugh, and a great clap on the back,
For a fellow in black—a priest I should say,
Or may be a lover,
Wearing black for his mistress's mood.

“A little toothache,” we could hear him say;
“but that's so good

When it gives over.” So he passed from sight
In the soft twilight, into the soft night,
In the soft riot and tumult of the crowd.

And a magpie flew down, laughing, holding up
his beak to us.

And I said: “That was God! Presently, when
he has walked through the town

And the night has settled down,

So that you may not be afraid,

In the darkness, he will come to our table and
speak to us.”

ON HEAVEN

And past us many saints went walking in a
company—

The kindly, thoughtful saints, devising and
laughing and talking,

And smiling at us with their pleasant solicitude.

And because the thick of the crowd followed to
the one side God,

Or to the other the saints, we sat in solitude.

In the distance the saints went singing all in
chorus,

And our Lord went by on the other side of the
street,

Holding a little boy.

Taking him to pick the musk-roses that open at
dusk,

For wreathing the statue of Jove,

Left on the Alpilles above

By the Romans ; since Jove,

ON HEAVEN

Even Jove,
Must not want for his quota of honour and love ;
But round about him there must be,
With all its tender jollity,
The laughter of children in Heaven,
Making merry with roses in Heaven.

Yet never he looked at us, knowing that that
 would be such joy
As must be over-great for hearts that needed
 quiet ;
Such a riot and tumult of joy as quiet hearts are
 not able
To taste to the full. . . .

. . . And my dear one sat in the shadows ; very
 softly she wept :—
Such joy is in Heaven,

ON HEAVEN

In the cool of the even,
After the burden and toil of the days,
After the heat and haze
In the vine-hills ; or in the shady
Whispering groves in high passes up in the
Alpilles,
Guarding the castle of God.

And I went on talking towards her unseen face :
“ So it is, so it goes, in this beloved place,
There shall be never a grief but passes ; no, not
any ;
There shall be such bright light and no blindness ;
There shall be so little awe and so much loving-
kindness ;
There shall be a little longing and enough care,
There shall be a little labour and enough of toil
To bring back the lost flavour of our human coil ;

ON HEAVEN

Not enough to taint it ;
And all that we desire shall prove as fair as we
can paint it.”
For, though that may be the very hardest trick
of all
God set himself, who fashioned this goodly hall.
Thus he has made Heaven ;
Even Heaven.

For God is a very clever mechanician ;
And if he made this proud and goodly ship of the
world,
From the maintop to the hull,
Do you think he could not finish it to the full,
With a flag and all,
And make it sail, tall and brave,
On the waters, beyond the grave ?
It should cost but very little rhetoric

ON HEAVEN

To explain for you that last, fine, conjuring trick ;
Nor does God need to be a very great magician
To give to each man after his heart,
Who knows very well what each man has in his
heart :

To let you pass your life in a night-club where
they dance,

If that is your idea of heaven ; if you will, in the
South of France ;

If you will, on the turbulent sea ; if you will, in
the peace of the night ;

Where you will ; how you will ;

Or in the long death of a kiss, that may never
pall :

He would be a very little God if He could not do
all this,

And He is still

The great God of all.

ON HEAVEN

For God is a good man ; God is a kind man ;
In the darkness He came walking to our table
 beneath the planes,
And spoke
So kindly to my dear,
With a little joke,
Giving Himself some pains
To take away her fear
Of His stature,
So as not to abash her,
In no way at all to dash her new pleasure beneath
 the planes,
In the cool of the even
In heaven.

That, that is God's nature.
For God's a good brother, and God is no blind
 man,

ON HEAVEN

And God's a good mother and loves sons who're
rovers,

And God is our father and loves all good lovers.

He has a kindly smile for many a poor sinner ;

He takes note to make it up to poor wayfarers on
sodden roads ;

Such as bear heavy loads

He takes note of, and of all that toil on bitter
seas and frosty lands,

He takes care that they shall have good at his
hands ;

Well He takes note of a poor old cook,

Cooking your dinner ;

And much He loves sweet joys in such as ever took

Sweet joy on earth. He has a kindly smile for a
kiss

Given in a shady nook.

And in the golden book

ON HEAVEN

Where the accounts of His estate are kept,
All the round, golden sovereigns of bliss,
Known by poor lovers, married or never yet
 married,

Whilst the green world waked, or the black world
 quietly slept ;

All joy, all sweetness, each sweet sigh that's
 sighed—

Their accounts are kept,

And carried

By the love of God to His own credit's side.

So that is why He came to our table to welcome
 my dear, dear bride,

In the cool of the even

In front of a café in Heaven.

APPENDIX

No.....

Army Form C. 348.

MEMORANDUM.

From O.C. Detachment
Welch Regt.
To O.C. No. 1 Garrison Coy.
Welch Regt.

From O.C. No. 1 Garrison Coy.

To O.C. Detachment

ANSWER.

I

3.7.1916
49522 Pte. Eyes 49642 Pte. Skies
49772 „ Far 49767 „ Star
49742 „ Are 50162 „ Jar
49877 „ Rise 51172 „ Skies
48123 „ Harsh 47717 „ Goes
48345 „ Foes 47229 „ Place
48543 „ Marsh 47076 „ Face

Kindly send AFB.'s 121 of above.
H. C. James,
Capt.,
O.C. Dt., Welch

2

3.7.1916
Ref: opposite
AFB.'s 121 nattached herewith.
Exhibit 1 for necessary disciplinary action, please.
F. M. Hueffer,
2/Lt.,
O.C. No. 1 Garrison Coy.

3

3.7.16
AFB's 252 x passed to you.
Exhibit 2. Receipt, please.
H. C. James, Capt.,
O.C. Dt. Welch.

4

3.7.1916
Received herewith, please.
F. M. Hueffer,
2/Lt.,
O.C. No. 1 Garrison Coy.

EXHIBIT I

SANCTUARY

SHADOWED by your dear hair, your kind soft eyes
Look on wine-purple seas, whitening afar
With marble foam where the dim islands are.
We sit forgetting. For the great pines rise
Above dark cypress to the dim white skies
So clear and dark and still with one great star,
And marble Dryads round a great white jar
Gleam from the grove. Glimmering the white
owl flies

In the dark shades. . . .

If ever life was harsh

Here we forget—if ever friends turned foes.
The sea-cliffs beetle down above the marsh,

ASYLUM

CÆSARIES teneros suavis tibi incumbrat ocellos :
Nos quoque contenti lætique sedemus, obliti
Si quid amari animos turbârit, et æquora soli
Cernimus atra procul spuma canescere salis,
Ultima qua franguntur terræ in litora fluetus.
Candida marmoreæ Dryades prope dolia fulgent,
Pergracilisque pinus miscetur imagine cœli
(Omnes exsuperans herbas, abrasque cupressos)
Unica qua Veneris constanter stella refulget
Per tenebras radians Stygias. Umbris in opacis
Noctua sublustris volitat. . . .
Si quid acerbi inerat vitæ, si fallimur usque
Quod nimium credimus, nobis nunc omnia cedunt.

SANCTUARY

And through sea-holly the black panther goes.

And in the shadow of that secret place,

Your kind, dear eyes shine in your dear, dear face.

F. M. H.

ASYLUM

Imminet et scopulas præceps æquoribus atris ;
Perque herbas niger insepit pantæra marinas,
Longæ iam subeunt umbræ, sed lumina semper
Vestra benigna mihi fulgent ex ore benigno.

H. C. J.

AFTER THE WAR

FROM Cardiff runs a winding road
With, at its end, a pleasant hearth :
So short's the way and light the load
From Cardiff to Penarth.

And she who sits beside the hearth,
Or greets me on the pleasant leas,
Shall one day in the applegarth
Talk of these days as memories.

And as the golden summer slips
Into the time of harvest moons
That set behind the spidery ships
After long afternoons,

MILES REDIVIVUS

Est focus ingressis gratus, gratique Penates,
Quo via stipata ducit ab urbe sinens ;
Est in conspectu, neque longa ex urbe Penarthum—
Tam brevis extendens, tam sinuosa via.

Illa sed in pratis quæ meve salutat euntem
Amplexuve sedens implicat ipsa levi,
Uno forte die optabit, volventibus annis,
Per vineta errans hos revocare dies.

Amea cum redeunt morituræ tempora lucis
Inque solet summo luna micare polo,
Agricolisque prius lucem diffundere lætis
Quam, quasi perlongo fessa labore dici,

AFTER THE WAR

We'll hear the churning nightjar play
About the applegarth,
And watch the closing in of day
Beside the glimmering hearth :
And we'll recall the winding way
From Cardiff to Penarth.

F. M. H.

MILES REDIVIVUS

Balnea ad oceani veniet. Tum forte per agros

Tum captare sonos aure invabit avium.

Vespere maiores altis in montibus umbras

In dubia flammæ luce videre licet ;

At reddetur iter nobis ex urbe Penarthum—

Tam brevis extendens, tam sinuosa via.

H. C. J.

“THERE SHALL BE MORE JOY . . .”

THE little angels of Heaven
Each wear a long white dress,
And in the tall arcadings
Play ball and play at chess ;

With never a soil on their garments,
Not a sigh the whole day long,
Not a bitter note in their pleasure,
Not a bitter note in their song.

But they shall know keener pleasure,
And they shall know joy more rare—
Keener, keener pleasure
When you, my dear, come there.

GAUDEBUNT ANGELI . . .

LONGIS quisque suis ornati vestibus albis
Cœlicolæ ludunt albis sub turribus arcis,
Risibus implentes auras, talosque tilasque
Lascivi voluntantes.

Nunquam pernitidas cernunt nigrescere vestes
Neve dolorosas suspirant usque per horas :
Nullæ dum cantant lacrimæ, sed carmina fundunt
Læta dulcia voce.

Te quoque, delicias solas, maiore Puella
Lætitia accipient venientem ad templa deorum ;
Longa dies et erit semper, tam longa voluptas,
Dum te voce salutant.

“THERE SHALL BE MORE JOY . . .”

.
The little angels of Heaven
Each wear a long white gown,
And they lean over the ramparts
Waiting and looking down.

F. M. H.

GAUDEBUNT ANGELI . . .

.

Longis quisque suis ornati vestibus albis

Cœlicolæ cubito divorum in valla redinant :

Despiciunt et ibi summa de vertice cœli.

Fessi, oculosque fatigant.

H. C. J.

AD BELLA VOCATUS

Est turris, quo delicias meas
Olim perveniens videbam :
Illius in gradibus digitalis
Purpureus captat vestigia aure
Ingredientis.
Cursum sol peragit medium polo
Purpureique auras flores odore
Implent :
In gradibus leviter resonant vestigia
ἤχέεντα.

Est desiderium turris mihi ;
Est desiderium rivi quoque,
Purpureique alto florent muri :

AD BELLA VOCATUS

Flores ex superans digitalis omnes

Amas amplexu tenero supremas

Tenere videtur.

Mox et "Germaniam tristis petam"—

Longum iter—et terras alienas.

.

Tunc abero : et veniet perfidus miles—

Miles non nobis mihi—

Deliciasque meas amplexu falso

Ille tenebit, et in pratis vagatus

Dicet amorem,

Auris dum miscetur odor,

Dum resonant leviter vestigia Amataë

ἡχέεντα.

H. C. J.¹

¹ This is a rendering of "The Silver Music," p. 35.

TO F. M. H. EXIT AD GALLIAM (IDIBUS
IULIANIS MCMXVI)

LUSISTI satis . . .

Fundite iam lacrimas, saltus, O fundite montes :

Linqvit enim socios mœrentes carus Alexis,

Horrida bella petens, alienaque litora quærens.

O Pater omnipotens—tibi enim sunt omnia
curæ—

Te precor ut fatis fortunæque illius adsis.

.

At quid fleremus ? Patrios servare Penates

Bis felix ! Felix tantos superâsse labores

Gaudens : fortunate puer : sic itur ad astra.

H. C. J.



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